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# TORRID

VOLUME ONE, NUMBER TWO

FILM REVIEWS



INTRODUCING . . . "NUDIE CUTIES"

TORRID SCENE OF THE MONTH

SPECIAL: THE FOREIGN SCENE

CANDIDATE FOR STARDOM



A GOLD LINE PUBLICATION

FIRST TIME IN PRINT:  
THE COMPLETE STORY OF "THE DEFILERS"  
A Picture of Startling Realism!





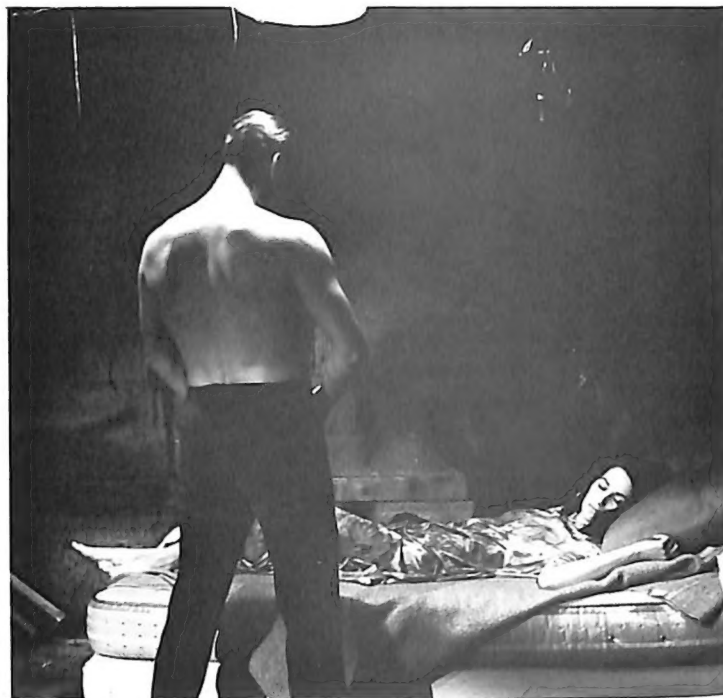
VOLUME ONE, NUMBER TWO



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NUDIE CUTIES  
CANDIDATE FOR STARDOM  
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MAID ON THE MOON  
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## TORRID FILMS

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SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER





# THE Defilers

One of the most explosive films to come out of Hollywood in years is "The Defilers," a tastefully-made motion picture which established a new frontier of screen realism. Although the subject matter of "Defilers" is boldly delineated — "a shocking study of the shameless sick set" — it is done professionally and with all the elements expected of a major production: skilled direction, excellent acting performances, and first class production value. The complete picture story of "The Defilers" appears here for the first time.

## TORRID REVIEW

The story revolves around Carl Walker, Jr. and Jamie Marsh, a pair of amoral, hedonistic, over-indulged, wealthy young men. Their days are spent speeding aimlessly around town in expensive convertibles, on the beach, or beside plush swimming pools — always in the company of beautiful and willing young girls. Their nights are devoted to sessions with alcohol and marijuana. Carl is the leader, Jamie the follower. Carl's sadistic tendencies are revealed when he badly mistreats his date during a beach party, and later when he beats another girl whom he is dating.







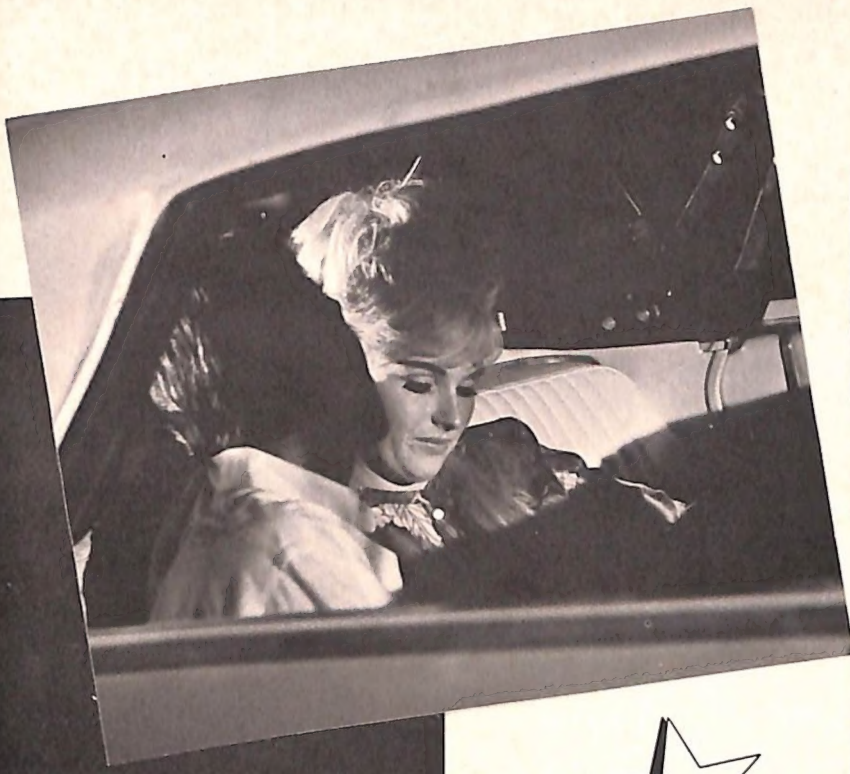




The film opens on the beach, with the two young men cavorting about with a trio of lovelies. While the sun is still shining they play harmless little games, but when night falls things get a little more serious. There are a couple of scorching love scenes on the sand, especially between Jamie and his girl friend, until Carl barges into the scene and breaks it up.













The plot begins to thicken when Jane Collins, an attractive young girl from a small town, arrives in Los Angeles on the bus. She rents a small furnished apartment in a rather shabby building owned by Mrs. Olson. Sweet, kooky Mrs. Olson is more than just a landlady — she is also a peddler of marijuana. Two of her best customers are Carl and Jamie. They meet Jane at Mrs. Olson's apartment. The two young men laugh at Jane's naivete and mark her down as a square.







The basement of an unused warehouse owned by Carl's father is the setting for many of the marijuana parties in which Carl Jr. and Jamie participate. Such a party is in progress with the boys and Jamie's girl, when an evil idea is hatched. Carl is restless and sated with girls, liquor and "weed." Jamie jokingly suggests that they kidnap someone for kicks. The idea strikes a responsive chord in Carl, who manages to convince Jamie that he is serious about the idea. The two then plan "the perfect crime."

Later that night the boys go to Jane's apartment, and through a rear window watch her disrobe and bathe. Carl has found his perfect victim for the perfect crime. The next night Jane is lured to the warehouse basement under the ruse of going to a party with Carl and Jamie. In the basement Carl rips the dress from the girl's body, beats her and tells her that she is now a prisoner. They leave the hysterical girl clad only in her panties and bra, and securely lock her in the dingy room.















Jane is held prisoner for several days, and she tries repeatedly to escape from her frightening, rat-infested prison—to no avail. The boys bring her food, and cruelly laugh at her tearful pleas to be freed. During one visit, Carl assaults her as Jamie watches. Jamie begins to worry about the consequences of their actions, and begs Carl to release the girl. Carl angrily refuses, calling his friend “chicken.” On another occasion, when Jamie’s girl repulses his advances at a house party, he goes to the warehouse alone and assaults the helpless, nearly hysterical Jane.



















Finally, Carl relents and agrees to free the captive. When the boys go to the warehouse to release her, Carl realizes that she will probably go to the police. He becomes enraged, strips Jane of her few remaining tattered garments, and lashes at her maniacally. Seeing this, Jamie suddenly realizes the enormity of the crime that has been perpetrated, and attacks the fiendish young sadist.

What follows is a shocking climax to this shocking, realistic film. It is an unforgettable ending, one that will be remembered by the viewer for a long time to come.





REVIEW







# THE LEATHER BOYS



One of the most intense, sensitive dramas to come out of the British film factories this year is "The Leather Boys," starring moppet-like Rita Tushingham, who first achieved stardom in "The Knack (and how to get it)." In "Leather Boys," Miss Tushingham portrays Dot, a young girl just out of school who is concerned only with comic books, movies, chewing gum, and other trivia. She also has some strange fantasies about her marriage.

With chewing gum in her mouth, bars of chocolate under the pillow, pototo chips all over the sheets, and true romance magazines up to her neck, she has turned the marriage bed into something resembling a supermarket. The thing that concerns her most at the moment the picture opens is that her hairdresser has given her hair a pink champagne rinse instead of a pink platinum one.





Reggie (Collin Campbell), her husband, is a mechanic and a motorcycle enthusiast. His coming home every night to an unmade bed, unwashed dishes and baked beans for dinner places a severe strain on their marriage. The motorcycle is his escape: he turns to it as to another woman, and in turning to it, he turns also to his friend Pete. Another cyclist, Pete is a joker in a black leather jacket who never takes anything seriously . . . because everything is much too serious.

The relationship which develops between these two men appears to be one of warm camaraderie. They go to the seaside together, they share a room and a bed, they talk of going off to America together. And Pete, the joker, turns out to be a more devoted and tidy mate than Dot, Reggie's wife.

It is not until Reggie walks into an Embankment pub and finds himself surrounded by homosexuals, all of whom are obviously acquainted with his friend, that he realizes Pete is one of them. Reggie walks off alone, having lost both his wife and his friend.





**TORRID**  
FILM REVIEWS

SPECIAL FEATURE

# Nudie Cuties

TFR's sexy substitute for the inanities of the Late, Late Show



from "THE GIRL FROM S.I.N."

"Are you sure this is good for gas?"





from "THE GIRL FROM S.I.N."

"Mmmmmmm, this is better than spaghetti."

"Okay, and I'll meet you in the middle."



from "BAD GIRLS FOR THE BOYS"







from "HOLLYWOOD WORLD OF FLESH"

"Listen, Fifi, I told you about using that cheap French perfume."

from "LOVE HUNGER"



". . . and someday when we've got a little money put away, we'll be able to get you a bra."





"Henry! I told you not to leave that goddam alligator in the bathtub!"

from "THE FEMALE ANIMAL"



"If you think that way sounds funny, wait til you hear what your buddy back there suggested."



"And this little piggy went 'wee wee wee wee' all the way home."





"You . . . you were right, Grace. Sex is dirty."





"The Unsatisfied" is a wild French film which asks the poignant question, When is enough . . . *enough*? And the answer is never — at least for the hedonistic characters in this picture. They swing around the clock, with violence, liquor and sex as their catalysts. Star of "The Unsatisfied" is luscious Rita Cadillac, a French cinecutie who has since gone on to bigger and better things.

The site for most of the film's violence, liquor and sex is an old castle owned by Bernardo, the leader of a gang and a dealer in every vice. Miss Cadillac portrays a sharpie who exploits her rich boyfriends, and the rest of the cast reads like something out of the Marquis de Sade: there's Wilma, a woman who uses everyone; Loren, a dancer who bullies women; Crespo, a photographer who specializes in dirty pictures; Queenie, a dress designer who has his own special hang-ups, and a dozen or so of the wildest characters — both male and female — ever seen on the screen.

"The Unsatisfied" comes to a smashing climax when all hell breaks loose as police, hoods, hustlers and prostitutes battle it out to a finish. Does justice triumph? Are the swingers reformed? *Is anybody satisfied*? Go see the picture.



REVIEW



## THE UNSATISFIED







**TORRID**  
FILM REVIEWS

REVIEW

# PRELUDE

The Scandinavians have always had a frank, uninhibited approach to movie-making, and this Swedish import typically contains a number of sizzling scenes calculated to make any man's blood run a little hotter. The plot itself isn't that hot, but the lavish displays of the anatomy of Lian Kaarina, billed as Sweden's newest sensuous beauty, make it well worth the price of admission.

The story starts off innocently enough. Sten Lehtoja, a middle-aged businessman, is driving to his summer house after his wife and family have returned to the city. On the highway he gives a lift to Elsie (Miss Kaarina), who, it seems, has nowhere in particu-







# TO ECSTASY...



lar to go. They drive up to his cottage and that night, under the spell of the enchanting moonlight and balmy Scandinavian breezes, passions explode and the inevitable happens. Elsie resists at first, but what follows soon reaches an exciting climax of lust.

At the man's urging, Elsie becomes his mistress and does a little thinking. If she married him, she would have a secured social position and all the things she ever wanted. She tries to convince Lehtoja that he should divorce his wife, and he agrees to do so.









Enter the third part of the triangle, Reino, a young country boy who Elsie meets in his father's store in the village. She can't resist his fresh, young masculinity, and they launch into a torrid love affair. Some of their love-making scenes, especially on the beach where Elsie takes a nude swim, are as hot as nearly anything you've ever seen on an American screen. Some of the scenes are so hot, in fact, that it illustrates how liberal U.S. movie censors have become in recent years.

For a while, everything goes fine for Elsie. She has her middle-aged cuckold and her young lover, and between the two of them she's well taken care of. Then . . . tragedy strikes. One night as Reino tries to enter Elsie's room with a ladder, he







falls down and breaks his neck. To avoid a public scandal Lehtoja tries to hide the body. But the strain and pressure on their nerves is unbearable, and here the movie takes an unexpected turn.

"Prelude to Ecstasy" is another good example of the Swedish ability to make an adult movie with generous doses of sex and a healthy helping of Scandinavian pulchritude. Yet the sex scenes do not eradicate the plot, but instead enhance it.

And Lian Kaarina? You'll see a lot of her in her first role—*and a lot more of her in the future!*













# ANGELA BELLA

		<b>TORRID FILM REVIEWS'</b>		
		<b>CANDIDATE FOR</b>		
		<b>FUTURE STARDOM</b>		

**TORRID**  
FILM REVIEWS

**SPECIAL FEATURE**

Introducing . . . Miss Angela Bella, this month's TORRID FILM REVIEWS Candidate for Future Stardom! This special department was launched in the last issue of TFR, and the lovely proportions of Angela are further evidence of the caliber of stars-to-be that we will present month after month. This department features beautiful girls who, in the opinion of the editors, are destined for big things in the motion picture world. After our candidates have appeared in films, TFR will present still photographs from those movies . . . side-by-side with pictures of the type on these pages.

Angela, a 22-year-old brunette beauty with blue-green eyes, has carved an enviable career as a dancer, and hopes that this will provide the transition to an acting career. Born in a small town in New Jersey, Angela came to California with her parents when she was two years old. She grew up in the Los Angeles area, where the lure of show business is probably stronger than anywhere else in the country.





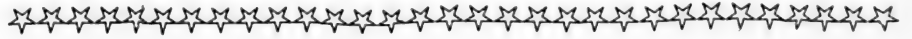






Angela began her dancing studies when she was but five years old, taking the standard tap, ballet and acrobatic classes with the famous Neglin Kiddies. At the age of eight she turned to a serious study of ballet with a very famous teacher, and subsequently appeared in L.A.'s esteemed Wilshire Ebell Theater with the First California Children's Ballet Co.

Through the years she has extended her studies to encompass exhibition ballroom, modern jazz and Afro-Cuban dancing, in all of which she now excels. She worked for some time with a partner doing exhibition work (her aerials are a thrill to behold), and has entered and won several contests. In addition, Angela has been kept busy doing banquets,





club dates and numerous benefit performances.

Most recently her Afro-Cuban studies have been with one of the recognized master exponents of this dance form. The teacher considers Angela one of his prize students, and has consequently accorded her the privilege of working on several occasions as his partner. Angela is also thoroughly versed in the contemporary dance rages — Watusi, jerk, frug, swim, dog, monkey, and all the other madcap variations — all of which she performs with ease and perfection. Her professional career as a dancer the last couple of years has been in the contemporary area of the dance.

Now that Angela has firmly established herself as a first-rate professional dancer, what does she intend to do about becoming an actress?







Well, for one thing, her thespian career has already been launched, in a sense. With all of her exposure as a dancer, in many of the city's better clubs, she has attracted the eye of more than one bigwig in the picture business. One small independent producer offered to sign her to a long-term contract, but Angela couldn't see enough of a future in that. Other offers also have not held what she's looking for.

So in the meantime, she continues her career as a dancer. But things are happening. At this writing, she has a screen test scheduled with a major studio. She is playing the second female lead in a TV pilot soon to be filmed (speculative, but promising). And she is studying acting with a famous Hollywood drama coach who has helped many a promising unknown climb the ladder to stardom.

Some day soon, the name of Angela Bella will be in lights. And you can tell the world that you saw her here first.



TORRID SCENE OF THE MONTH

from

***"LOVE IS A FOUR LETTER WORD"***





**ANGELA BELLA**

**TORRID FILM REVIEWS'**

**CANDIDATE FOR FUTURE STARDOM**





# SATAN in HIGH- HEELS





If you saw "Satan in High Heels" when it played throughout the country not too many years ago, consider your self lucky. It may never be shown again in its uncut form. When the picture was first released, it caused such a stir with our noble censors that many exhibitors were reluctant to play it. Many theater owners cut it so badly that there wasn't even a story left, much less the sizzling scenes that many patrons paid their money to see.

"Satan in High Heels" stars voluptuous Meg Myles, a young lady whose proportions are — to say the least — breathtaking. Her nude bathing scene, depicted here,









is ample proof of that. In the film she portrays "a carnival tramp who cheats, steals and bed-bounces her way to New York," according to one reviewer. Meg is, in the picture, a rather immoral girl, using her body to get where and what she wants.

Also appearing in the movie is Sabrina, the busty, beautiful British actress whose assets measure a supernatural 42-24-38. Sabrina (that's her only name) has but a small part in "Satan," but her presence is enough to cause a few titters from the audience.







One of the reasons "Satan in High Heels" had so much trouble with censors is its obvious fetish appeal. Most of these scenes cannot be shown here. But the sample that can be pictorially displayed gives evidence of what the movie shows. Meg's tight rubber garments, black gloves, whalebone corsets, sky-high heels, etc., etc.,





were too much for the guardians of public morals in most parts of the country. In addition, there are some scenes with rather obvious Lesbian overtones that also caused a few shudders.

If "Satan in High Heels" ever returns to U.S. movie screens — and that's a big IF — it should be seen if only for its historical importance. It's a film that tried to crash some long-standing barriers and didn't quite make it.

**"LURID SEX...  
TANTALIZING AND  
PROVOCATIVE"**

— New York  
World Telegram & Sun



SH-14



# The Uncovered Story: **TORRID** FILM REVIEWS CASTING A "NUDIE"

From "Hollywood's World of Flesh," a lesso



"Hollywood's World of Flesh," a motion picture that created quite a stir when it was made about three years ago, purports to show some of the seamier things that go on in the movie capital of the world. Much of the film was shot with hidden cameras, a fact which produced some highly controversial scenes, but the sequence reproduced here was shot with the full knowledge of the participants.

This scene shows how casting is done by one "nudie" movie producer. It opens in the producer's reception room, while the narrator explains that the girls seated there are waiting to be interviewed. The cigar-chewing movie mogul comes to the door and motions one of the girls to enter his private office.





SPECIAL FEATURE

# MOVIE

on how the producers do it.











She is questioned briefly, then instructed to step behind the screen and undress. This she does — step by step — much to the delight of the producer and his financial backer (not visible in this sequence). When she is completely nude, the interview continues. The girl appears to be completely at ease in her undressed state, and answers all the questions with confidence and poise.

Then it's the other girl's turn (frosted blond with hair down). This time the financial backer flips out, and leers hungrily at the girl's lush contours. The producer, however, maintains his dignity and only chews his cigar a little harder. This girl goes through the same strip routine, and, similarly, answers all the questions directed to her with supreme calm.

Do the girls get the parts they "auditioned" for? Hollywood's *World of Flesh* doesn't say. All it does is show how its done.











## PERSONALITY PROFILE

# NEW "DARLING" OF THE MOVIES

Julie Christie emerges as first-class star after choice roles in two major pictures

"There is a bit of 'Darling' in everyone . . . don't you think so?" This is Julie Christie reminiscing about her role of Diana Scott that she enacted in the motion picture of the same name. The story line of "Darling" goes like this:

Diana, who is now the Princess della Romita and at the height of her fame as an international celebrity, is telling her life story for a popular woman's magazine. Her spoken commentary, sometimes truthful, sometimes misleading, introduces her "success" story.

In the beginning, she emerges from school as a sparkling, beautiful girl; kooky, inquisitive, reaching for each new experience and excitement that the adult world can bring. She has a youthful husband, but he is too young and inexperienced to give her what she demands of life.

Working as a model, she first meets Robert, an older man who is equal parts writer, TV viewer and ex-genius. Their meeting is an explosive one, and immediately develops into a love affair in which their deep need for each other overrules all other relationships in their lives. He leaves his wife and children to live with Diana.



Her career as a model advances, and the security and certainty of her love for Robert lasts until she meets an attractive and successful businessman whose worldly, controlled manner hypnotizes her. Miles epitomizes the glossy world which she longs to enter, and greedy for the new experience that this way of life can open up for her, she drifts into an association which alternately mesmerizes and upsets her.

She becomes bored and discontent with Robert, and secretly has an affair with Miles. Robert discovers her infidelity and walks out on her. Diana finds consolation in the company of a gay photographer who shares her taste for outrageous escapades.

Then she goes to Italy to work in a TV commercial, which is filmed in a renaissance villa. She meets the owner of the villa, a wealthy Italian banker and industrialist. He shows her around and introduces her to his six children, motherless since the death of his wife.

The prince follows her to Capri and proposes marriage, but Diana refuses him and returns to the night-life of London. There her relationship with the businessman comes to an end, and she realizes how uninvolved he has always been in their affair. Frightened of loneliness, she reaches for the solidarity of life with the prince. Their marriage makes her an international celebrity, and gives her all the things she's always wanted.

But she soon finds herself a neglected wife, as her husband is preoccupied with travel, business and a mistress.



As the Princess della Romita, she makes a last desperate attempt to reclaim Robert, but finds her former life-anchor has been thrown over too casually for any easy retrieval, and she becomes a prisoner of the very world she has conquered.

Julie Christie was born on a tea plantation in Assam in 1941, and her parents, following British custom of getting rid of their young as soon as possible, sent her to boarding school in England at the age of eight. There, through her habit of telling fabulous lies of her life in Assam, where she claimed she had survived daily encounters with pythons and tigers, she earned the nickname of "S.O." — meaning "show-off."

"I was always scared to death in school, she recalls, "Everyone I knew seemed prettier, smarter, more talented than I. The only time I felt like a person was when I was on stage — acting in a play. Then I could hide behind the character I was playing. I suppose that is why I made up all those stories about snakes and tigers and things with me saving people from them. In all the time I was in India, I never saw one single snake."

After transferring her to the Convent of Our Lady, her mother discovered she was unhappy at school and sent her, aged 17, to France for a year. There she lived with a French family — "all of them marvelously mad" — in an old chateau which looked like something out of a Colette novel — "all velvet and brocade." There were three daughters and three sons in the family, all of them high-spirited, and they somehow managed to convince Miss Christie that she was not merely a scraggly-haired gamin with an inferiority complex, but a beautiful young woman.

She came back to England at 18, determined that she would use this beauty on the stage. She enrolled in dramatic school and found again that the old magic worked. When she could submerge her own personality in the character she was playing, she was happy. But in other respects it was a rough time. Money was not plentiful, and the rent was frequently hard to come by. She solved this problem by buying an air mattress, opening it up, carrying it around with her, and tossing it down at night in the flat of whatever friend, male or female, had floor space. This experience bred in her a powerful hatred of British landlords and landladies. "They were always accusing people of indulging themselves," she explains. "They couldn't understand that a boy and girl might sit together till dawn, just talking and playing Beatle records."

From drama school she disappeared into the hinterlands to work in a provincial repertory company, portraying, among other roles, that of a pregnant Chinese. She moved from repertory companies to the Royal Shakespeare Company, touring the United States and eastern Europe as Luciana in "Comedy of Errors." Returning to England, she found to her surprise that she was wanted for the title role in a science-fiction film. All the part required of her was to move about gracefully, wearing a fixed, zombie-like stare. Julie's fixed stare has a certain quality, and she was next cast in bit parts in two movies now happily forgotten. After Billy Liar came an eight-minute bit in "Young Cassidy," from a novel of the same name by Sean O'Casey — in which

she portrayed a musichall dancer of easy virtue with such zest that it won her a British Film Critic's award.

After "Cassidy" came "Darling." The New York critics brought out their drums and trumpets to hail a great new actress, and later when the picture opened in London, British critics added their own hosannas. Not since Audrey Hepburn, they declared, had the British movie industry produced such a star and in one respect she even exceeded Miss Hepburn. Miss Christie was a woman of overwhelming sex appeal, a quality which many think lacking in most British actresses.

Julie Christie was in Spain at work on "Dr. Zhivago" when "Darling" opened in New York. A friend in Manhattan sent her a three-page telegram quoting the reviews, and she was dumbfounded. "It's a joke," she said at the time. "They can't be talking about me."

David Lean, director of "Zhivago," asked for a print of "Darling" to be sent to Madrid so that Miss Christie could see herself as the critics had seen her. "Darling" proved that his judgement of her talents, based on Billy Liar, had been sound. When Miss Christie herself saw how good she was, she began to work with the competence of an old pro, abandoning the kooky whims which had been annoying to Lean.

"I was just scared," she told a reporter. "I was terrified of working for David Lean. When I realized that I could, if I let myself go, come up to what he wanted in 'Zhivago,' my whole attitude changed. I realized I — old blonde Christie — could be a star."

"Of course, I want that," she said, "I want to be able to go anywhere in the world and have people recognize me and respect me. I want the glamour of it, but want the glamour played my way. I do not want all the trappings that are supposed to go with being a star. I don't want a chauffeur and a secretary and a maid, or anybody I'd have to be responsible for. I want to be free to live my life the way it seems best to me. I don't want to be owned by anything or anybody. I don't want to be part of any organization or force I can't control. Does this sound arrogant? I don't mean it that way. I don't want power over other people's lives. I only want the power to choose what I am going to do with my own."

The peripheral chores that come with stardom — personal appearances, posing for publicity pictures — either frighten or infuriate Julie.

"I am terrified of the press — of photographers particularly. They make me feel like Lassie, the Wonder Dog. Even if you were all broken up actually crying, they would take your picture. And television paralyzes me."

Julie's feeling toward photographers is not reciprocated by them. "She has more talent in one finger than most actresses have in their whole body," says Ken Danvers, who did the publicity stills for Zhivago. "You can say to her, 'Happy, please, Julie,' and it just bubbles up. You can say, 'Sad,' and 'sadder' and you can see it coming from deep inside. It starts here (he clasps his stomach) and goes here (he clutches his chest), and then it shows in her eyes. First, just the glisten, the shine of tears, and then the tears, and then her face breaks up and goes all to pieces. This kid is an actress, not a kook. She is cool and wise."

Even under Lean's guidance, Julie's cool sometimes deserted her when it came time to shoot the love scenes









in "Zhivago." Though a great deal of explicit lovemaking went on in Darling, Miss Christie was still extremely self-conscious when the romance became intimate in Zhivago.

"It used to be, if I had to kiss someone before the camera, I'd panic," she said. "I'd say, 'Oh, God, let them kiss me. Leave it all to them.' Now I realize that if a love scene is not to be a sort of ludicrous charade it has to be real or its no good. You have to give yourself almost as you would if it were real—not that you would ever give yourself, of course, but you must feel you would if it were required of you."

"I guess I'm an intellectual snob. Now that I can

pick and choose, all I want is to work with good material, under a good director. Being a star is meaningless, really, unless you are also a great actress, and that's what I'm determined to be. I could never be a great screen personality, drawing people to the theatre to see Julie Christie play Julie Christie. I have no personality of my own. This may sound crazy coming from an actress, but I truly am shy, I still can't get up in front of people and do anything on my own. I still must have a role to hide behind. Lara is a marvelous role. But completely different. I'm glad of that. I would hate to be identified in the public mind with the kind of tramp that Diana was."



SPECIAL FEATURE

# CAMP CINEMA

TFR's Dept. of Unintentional Satire: serious subject becomes pop art film

## DO YOU KNOW?

HOW A MARIHUANA SMOKER  
UNWITTINGLY REVEALS HIS  
HABIT....?

HOW TO READILY RECOGNIZE  
THE USER OF HEROIN....?

ANY OF THE SYMPTOMS OF  
NARCOTIC ADDICTION....?

CAN YOU EASILY RECOGNIZE  
THE MARIHUANA PLANT....?

THE EXOTIC BEHAVIOR OF  
ADDICTS WHILE UNDER THE  
INFLUENCE OF DOPE....?

WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENS  
BEHIND LOCKED DOORS OF  
A 'DOPE' PARTY....?

WHAT KIND OF PERSON IS  
THE EASY VICTIM OF  
THE DRUG HABIT....?

HOW AN ADDICT OBTAINS  
HIS DRUGS....?

HOW ILLICIT USE OF DRUGS  
CREATE SEX HEADLINES....?

*See...*

**NARCOTIC RACKET**





More than 30 years ago, a motion picture was made which attempted to paint a true picture of the ugliness of the narcotics racket in America. Today, although the subject is still serious and the theme of the movie is still topical, "The Narcotics Racket" (also known as "The Pusher") has to be relegated to the rarefied area of American sub-culture known as Pop Art.

The noble intentions of "Narcotics Racket/The Pusher" are not to be discounted, however. The film does paint a frightening picture of the illicit drug traffic in the U. S., and does show some of the brutal effects of dope on its victims. BUT . . . one look at the campy photos on these pages tends to dampen the message that the movie is attempting to convey.











BLASTED FROM TODAY'S HEADLINES!

# NARCOTIC


IT RIPS THE LID OFF THE 'DOPE' RACKET!

**ONE NIGHT OF  
BLISS FOR A  
1000  
NIGHTS IN HELL!**

JUST A FEW GRAINS OF DRUGS...  
BUT IT CHANGED THEIR LIVES!

SEE WHAT ACTUALLY  
HAPPENS BEHIND LOCKED  
DOORS OF A REAL  
"DOPE" PARTY!

**CAN THEY TAKE IT JUST ONCE...AND THEN QUIT FOREVER?**

A black and white photograph of a woman in a light-colored dress leaning over a table. On the table is a bottle and some other small objects. She is looking down at the table.





There they are, the "victims" of the deadly drugs: dimple-faced lovelies in half-slips and too-heavy lipstick; voluptuous maidens standing in groups of twos, threes and fours, holding their clothes at half mast; coquettish sex kittens giving come-hither glances to dirty old men types in Van Dyke beards; puppydog-eyed debutants being carried away by zoot-suited smoothies; and girls of assorted types and sizes who look like they just stepped out of the society page.

Then there are the villains; the bearded, grubby, unspeakably evil old man who creeps around carrying vials of the bad stuff; the leather-faced Chinaman, who is *obviously* the connection; the depraved scientist with vest and *pinc-nez* who spends most of his time dumping the contents of bottles into vials; and the guy whose job it is to give the actual injections of the stuff, who looks like Lloyd Nolan but isn't.

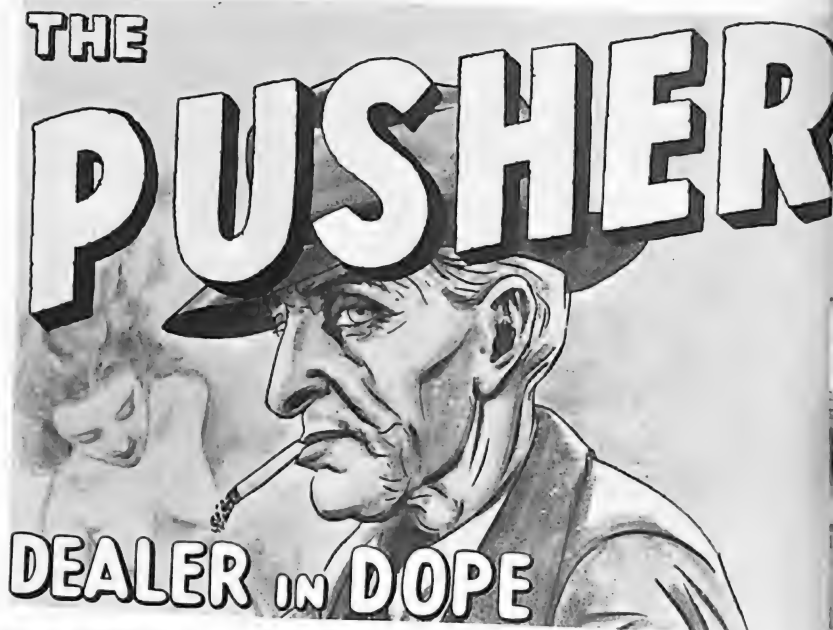
There are other memorable scenes: the dope orgy, where everyone is bombed and groveling about on the floor; the heroin injections (not too funny), done any time, any place; and the Chinese opium dens, carefully guarded by grim-faced Chinamen, where the participants have dropped off to sleep cuddled around their opium pipes.





The publicity campaign that accompanied the picture is very serious, but also becomes campy when viewed in conjunction with the photos displayed here. "Happy, normal laughter of physically adorable girls gives way to hysterical outbursts of dope-maddened women. How this deplorable condition takes place is disclosed in the amazing scenes of this most unusual picture," it trumpets.

"This picture," says another blurb, "shows the devastating effect of this drug upon the mind and body of a beautiful girl who took a puff 'just for a thrill.' It is a picture that every adult mind should witness, one that will vividly impress itself upon the life memory of every man and woman." And still more: "This picture pulls no punches but shows in detail the sinister results of illicit use of marihuana (sic) and heroin. The bizarre behavior of drugged addicts is vividly depicted and the inevitable tragic end of these unfortunates is a most powerful deterrent to the use of these drugs by unsuspecting teenagers and adults."











The posters advertising the movie are even wilder, as can be seen on these pages. "Just a needle mark on her beautiful body . . . but it killed her soul!" says one poster. "Can they take it just once . . . and then quit forever?" says another.

But as we said earlier, "Narcotics Racket/The Pusher" had honest, noble intentions, and in its day it probably had quite an impact on the American public. The picture was made around 1935, but 30 years later time has taken its toll — "Narcotics Racket/The Pusher" must be put in TFR's Camp Cinema file.







# MAID ON THE MOON

Going one up on the space prophets, "Sexy Proibitissimo" shows what the well-undressed space girl will wear



As man gets closer and closer in his quest to reach the moon, most of the "space conquest" science fiction written in the last 50 years begins to look more and more like fact.

But "Sexy Proibitissimo," a movie which displayed both excellent hindsight and foresight, is one up on the space prophets. "Sexy" traces the history of sex from the caveman to the future, and in the episode presented here, the film explores the future to see what the well-dressed space girl will (or will not) wear.





*Our interstellar siren steps off the spaceship in her silvery space suit into a strange, eerie world of the moon. As she surveys the terrain she has the feeling of being watched. Sure enough, there are eyes (no heads or bodies, just eyes) watching her. If you look closely behind the moon rocks, you'll notice those spiny*

*antennae with eyes at the tips—watching the girl closely.*

*Our space lassie, as have women since time immemorial, decides to use her feminine wiles. As she slowly divests herself of her space attire, she discovers the eyes getting bigger and bigger . . . and decides on the spot that the natives are indeed friendly.*

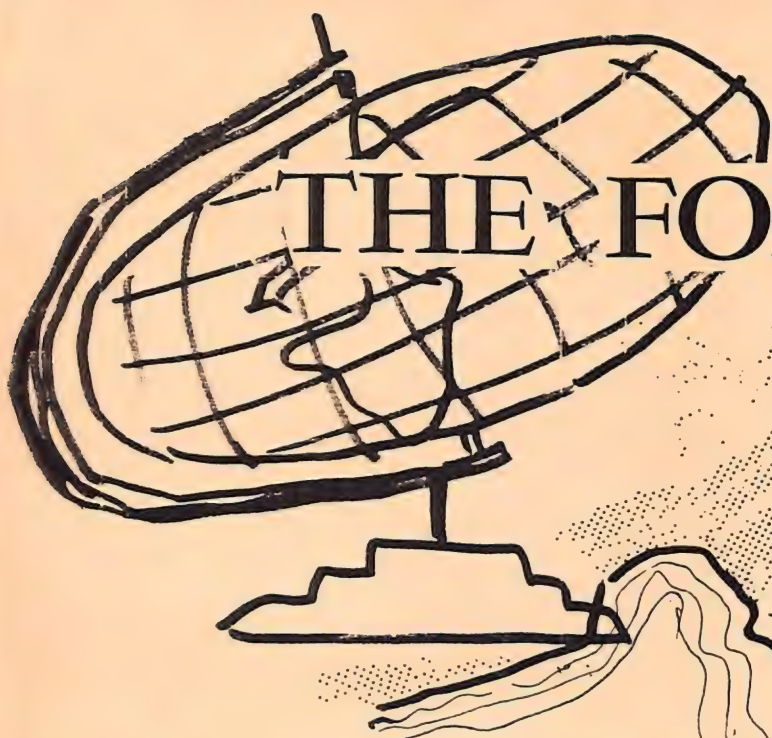








# THE FOREIGN SCENE



Beautiful Barbara Steele in Mario Monicelli's wide-screen epic, "L'Armata Brancaleone."



*An international roundup of spicy cinema*



Ursula Andress wears her double-barreled bra gun in "The Tenth Victim," a recently-released Italian picture which created a sensation in America. In the other photo, Marcello Mastroianni listens for a heartbeat from Ursula; she was playing possum. "Tenth Victim," in which murder-minded Ursula pursues Mastroianni to earn her diploma in legal homicide, has the bizarre overtones of an Alfred Hitchcock adventure. The film is about a society in the 21st Century where murder is not only legal, but a kind of sport. Ursula and Marcello are the killer kingpins in different parts of the world, and finally have a confrontation. The stage is set when she arrives in Rome with TV executives to kill her tenth victim on a worldwide "live" telecast. Her target: Marcello.







These off-camera shots were taken of Ugo Tognazzi and Terry Latimer during the filming of "The Family is Sacred," a modern satire. The film is a kind of investigation into what might be assumed to be the concept of married love in the future. It also makes some acid comments on the state of marriage in our society today.







A new film which has created something of a stir in Italy is "Four Kinds of Love," which features one kind of female star: luscious. The quartet includes Elke Sommer, Gino Lollobrigida, Virna Lisi and Monica Vitti. The picture is composed of four sketches, each told with satire and irony. In the "Bishop Cupid" segment, Gina as Beatrice runs a small private hotel in Rome to which a Bishop comes on a visit. With him is his handsome nephew, whom Beatrice cannot resist. In "Treatise on Eugenics," Elke plays a young Swedish girl who has very fixed ideas about the man who will be the father of her future family. One man seems to have the right physical requirements, yet she keeps coming back to a homely man. Virna Lisi in "The Phone Call" segment is engaged in a long telephone conversation with her mother while her recently acquired husband is impatient for a little amore. While she is still on the phone, he leaves to visit a young girl sunbathing in the nude on the roof.





## *italy*



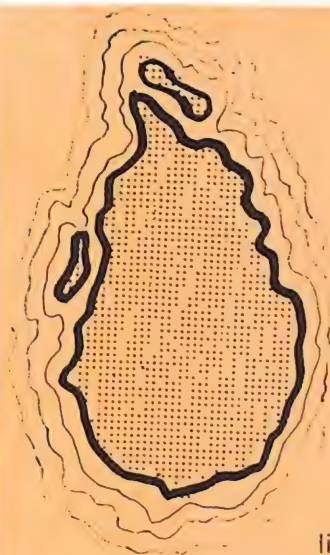
Lovely Dorothee Blanck frolics in the nude in "L'Accident," a highly interesting Italian film. It tells the story of a fantasy to which an ordinary Parisian husband and father falls victim. He was once involved in a shipwreck, and had a strange kind of revelation which centered on the face and body of a woman (Miss Blanck). One day she reappears, and he suddenly desires something other than his routine life.

## *czechoslovakia*

These three scenes are from "A Blonde's Love," a new Czechoslovakian film by famed Czech director Milos Foreman. The poignant story is about Andula, a young girl who works in a shoe factory and lives in a hostel for young people. One night at a dance she meets a young man from Prague, and later goes with him to his hotel. After a brief romance, complications develop with the boy's parents, and the electric atmosphere they enjoyed on their first encounter is lost forever.







## ceylon

A dramatic moment from "Tissahamy," a picture made in Ceylon which exploits the "outsider" theme. It portrays the life of a turn-of-the-century aboriginal outlaw who sees himself as a savage primitive.







Carlos Estrada and Emma Penella enjoy boudoir embrace in Spanish picture, "Lola, Espejo Oscuro."



New Danish star Essy Persson gleefully removes her hose in her first film, "I — a Woman." In the film she plays the role of a young nurse who, brought up in a fanatically religious home and whose fiancée belongs to the same sect, suddenly discovers unhealthily possessive and erotic elements in their attitudes. She leaves home and goes to a big town where she has several frivolous affairs. Only when she meets a man with similar promiscuous ideas does she seriously reflect on her own attitude.



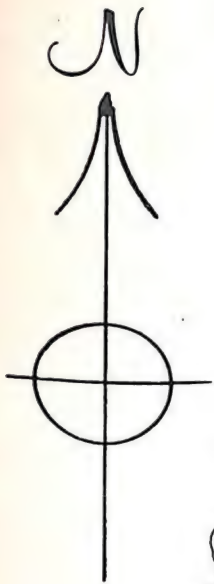


Christina Schollin and Jarl Kulle in a tender boudoir moment in "Dear John." The film has the Swedish frank, natural approach to sex, embracing both humor and eroticism. Many of the scenes show John and Anita in bed together — either reminiscing or otherwise.



Heinz Hopf rests his weary head on the smooth contours of Lotte Tarp's tummy in a new Swedish thriller, "Morianna."

scandinavia





england



An amorous love scene from "The Lift," a big hit at the Commonwealth Arts Festival held in London last year. It is a realistic story of a young man who uses his love prowess to bolster his faltering business. An affair with one of his client's daughters brings him to a point of self-analysis.

new zealand



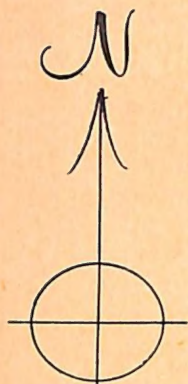
Another torrid love scene viewed at the Festival, from "Runaway Killer," a New Zealand film. It is an action-packed story of a runaway accountant, hitch-hiking his way from Auckland to the subtropical north, whose hot temper lands him in trouble with the police.



French actor-singer Charles Aznavour nuzzles pretty Susan Hampshire in "Paris in August." Aznavour plays a diffident husband left alone in Paris by his wife and family on vacation, who meets a young, attractive girl. The result of their meeting is depicted here.







French films seem to be getting more and more hygienic — everyone's taking a bath (together or otherwise). Mireille Darc is clothed in the tub while Jacques Riberolles is not in "Duel a Fleur de Peau." In the other photo, the male bather blithely watches TV while being busied by his female companion in "Les Grands Moments."





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# ADULTS ONLY

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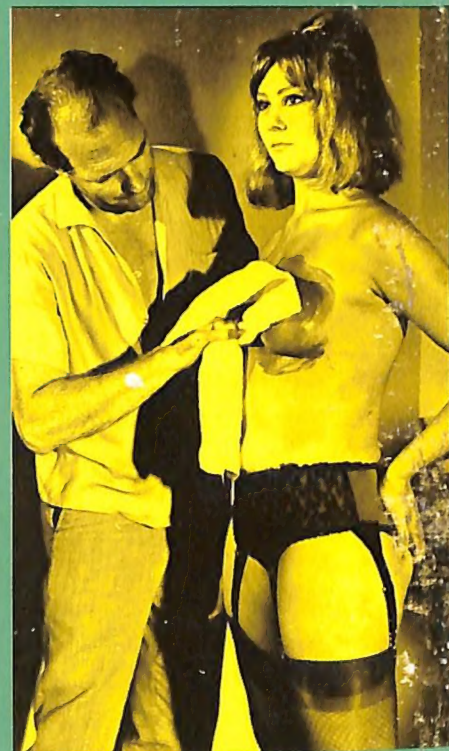
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